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SEWER PIPE HOTEL

Starving Youth Led "Home" by Another Waif in Paris.

Gay Shares in Outcast's Fare—Stranger Able to Rescue Guide But Other Inmates Perish When Stove Upsets.

Paris.—Robert Epiphane was looking down at the river wondering. He was seventeen years old, and whenever the police arrested him his trade was entered on the books as "mattress-maker." Some years ago Robert had worked at mattress making. That is to say, he had a vague recollection of combing wool for an old woman who made over mattresses outside house doors and who gave Robert something to eat when he refused to do any more work on an empty stomach.

But that was a long time ago. Robert Epiphane was not quite sure how long ago it was, because he had been hungry for a long time. He had slept on a bench on the boulevards the night before.

Then the miracle happened. Robert Epiphane was looking at the water and wondering. And as he looked at the water a little boat drifted by—an absurd little boat made of an old cigar box, a bit of lead pencil and string. Robert Epiphane looked at it lazily. Then he shouted aloud.

He had seen a penny piece—two whole sous!—in the cigar box. Robert Epiphane never knew how he got down to the water.

"Halves," said a voice, in a whisper, behind him. Robert Epiphane gave a whimper that was meant to be a howl of rage. Then, slipping the penny into his mouth (it was weak, but it was safer than in his pocket), he struck blindly at another ragamuffin, who caught him as he fell.

The other ragamuffin was standing over him as he sat on the muddy ground. "Well, old man," he whispered, in the hoarse, voiceless whisper in which he had said "Halves"—the voice which starvation and exposure gives to Paris wretches—"Well, old man, and what about it?" "It's mine," said Robert Epiphane; "I can get a bit of sausage and bread for it." "Come with me," said the other.

They had not far to go. On the way the second scarecrow, whose name he told Robert was Maurice Faction, was spinning a fairy tale which amused Robert but which he did not believe. It was all about a forgotten sewer pipe—a beautiful big piece of piping furnished with sack- ing and a stove—a big pipe in a quiet corner where no police ever came, where Maurice Faction and three other men, Jules, George and Henri, had been living for a week.

Robert Epiphane did not believe the story, but it amused his muddled brain, and as long as that penny was safe in his hand he did not care. Then they came to the palace, and to his amazement he saw what Maurice Faction had told him was true.

Robert nearly pitched head first on the stove when his eyes had accustomed themselves to the dim light in the palace, for near it, on a newspaper, there was a banquet. The poor of Paris call it "arlequin." It is a mixture of scraps of cold food from the restaurants, and you get quite a lot for a half penny, for bones are saleable commodities, and the "arlequin" men have a better use for the fat than to sell it for food. There must have been quite three-penny worth there on the newspaper. Robert made a dash for a handful and his penny rang clear on the pipe. The three men woke up.

"What's that? Money?" they said all together. Maurice Faction explained. "Robert was a little off his head with cold and hunger like the rest of us," he told them. He had

RIDING IN ROCK CREEK PARK



The mild weather in Washington has brought out the equestrians in large numbers. Our illustration shows Miss Dasha Allen, daughter of Major Henry T. Allen, U. S. A., taking her mount over a barrier in Rock Creek Park.

tried to kill him when he wanted to go halves in the penny. He thought they might take Robert in and let him be a lodger for the night.

The very poor don't talk much to each other. The other men glanced at Robert, grunted and made room for him. Jules looked at him keenly, pocketed the penny and then went to sleep again, satisfied.

He was dreaming that the smoke was choking him when he woke up. Somebody had kicked the stove over. The other four were sound asleep and stupefied. The palace was a stifling prison. He fought with the wooden door for what seemed hours. Then at last he broke it open. For more hours, more, or that was what it seemed, he tugged at the four bodies till he pulled them out. Two policemen found them. Georges and Henry were dead, and Jules would never steal paving blocks again. But "the lodger" and Maurice are in the Pitts hospital in real beds, with real white sheets, now, and they drink milk out of clean cups all day long.

LYNCH LETTER BRINGS \$175

Autographs Sell at Good Figures at a Philadelphia Auction—One by Benedict Arnold Sold.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A tiny scrap of paper containing only the name "Lynch" was sold for \$175 at a sale of autographs here recently. The signature had been written in the fly leaf

of a book by Thomas Lynch, Jr., a signer of the Declaration of Independence from South Carolina.

Other sales included a letter from Benedict Arnold advising against an intended Canadian expedition in 1778, \$260; a letter from Sir John Burgoyne, British general in the Revolution, \$150; a letter from Gen. Henry Dearborn recounting the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill, \$170; a letter from Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who served as a brigadier general in the Revolution, \$235; a letter from Gen. Hugh Mercer, brigadier general in the Revolution and captain in the French and Indian war, \$172; a letter written by Gen. Richard Montgomery a short time before his death at Quebec, \$280; a letter written by Gen. Israel Putnam of the New England-minute men, \$100, and a letter from Paul Revere, \$95.

GIRL, SIX, HELPS MAKE LAWS

Child Sits With Colorado Legislature and Tells Father How to Vote.

Denver, Colo.—Little Gwendolyn Ardourel, six years old, sits daily with her father, Representative A. P. Ardourel, and advises him how to vote on legislative measures. She is particularly interested in legislation to benefit children, and recently her father voted "yes" on two child protective measures upon her suggestion. She always cautions him to vote on the side of right.

Tedeschi set out to interview him there. Unfortunately for everyone concerned, and especially for Boni de Castellane, Anna Gould had grown tired of her husband's eccentricities and was just then preparing her suit for divorce, at the same time drawing tight her purse strings as far as the gay young count was concerned.

The result was that Boni was unable to fulfill the promise he had given to back the Bourbon newspaper, and as the ex-queen either had not enough money or enough enthusiasm to see it through alone the project fell through. After this misfortune there was apparently a general falling out. In the course of a quarrel between Abbe Tedeschi and Count Aguiloso the latter accused the abbe of diverting to his own private purse sums which he had received to support the newspaper project from the ex-queen and other sources. Counter allegations were made, and so the unpleasant bickering went on.

The aerial parcel post may be all right, but we wouldn't advise the sending of breakable articles by that method.

WAYS OF SERVING PIGS' FEET

Generally Regarded as a Plebeian Dish, but It Is by No Means One to Be Despised.

The following suggestion on pigs' feet from Parker Q. Adams are well to try while cold weather is still with us.

Pigs' feet, a plebeian dish, but one that is growing in favor in many circles, may be procured fresh or pickled at this season of the year. For some purposes I prefer to secure the fresh feet and pickle them myself. If you wish to adopt this method get good-sized feet and place them in common salt brine for about ten days; then wash well and cook slowly in water in which should be also stewed at the same time a carrot, two large onions, some stalks of celery and a little parsley. The feet will cook in from three to four hours.

When done drain them in an earthen dish, cut them in halves, remove the larger bones and, pressing them into shape, put them away to cool. You will find the feet thus prepared better than the pickled pigs' feet secured in the market. To broil them, and in no way are they better served, season with salt and pepper, brush over with clarified butter, roll them in bread crumbs and broil over a clear fire, turning often, so they will not burn. They do not require much broiling and should be served with piquante sauce.

MANY GOOD WINTER SALADS

Even Though Fresh Vegetables Are Not Available, Numerous Substitutes May Be Found.

Salads should always form an important part of the family bill of fare, in winter as well as summer. Of course, in summer the fresh, crisp vegetables which are best for salads are more easily obtainable. But there is one good old standby we have with us always, and that is cabbage. Cabbage salad in the form of cold slaw can be eaten by almost any one, and is easily digested, if carefully made. The cabbage should, first of all, be crisp and cold; then it should be finely shredded and dressed with a plain, mild dressing.

Cooked vegetables also make acceptable salads, especially when used in combination with raw ones like celery or lettuce. Vegetables left over from the preceding meal, as string beans, peas, tomatoes, beets, etc., are delicious in salads, when carefully prepared.

Scouse.

Pare and slice very thin several raw potatoes. Slice thin cold roast beef and Spanish or large onions. In the bottom of a large baking dish put first a layer of potatoes, then a layer of meat, then a layer of onions. Again alternate until pan is full. Add plenty of salt and pepper between the layers. Fill the pan half full of water, adding any left over gravy that may be at hand. Sprinkle flour over the top and bake until potatoes are soft all the way through and brown on top.

Good Tea Cake.

A delicious cup cake to serve with afternoon tea or with the frozen dessert is this: Beat up two eggs very slightly and add a cupful of brown sugar, half a cupful of flour mixed with a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder, a third of a teaspoonful of salt, and a cupful of pecan nuts cut into small pieces. Fill small buttered patty pans two-thirds full and place in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. This will make fifteen cakes.

Tapoca Cream.

Four tablespoonfuls of tapoca soaked over night in one quart of sweet milk. In the morning sweeten to taste and boil till it thickens—not too thick—stirring all the time. Beat the yolks and whites of four eggs separately. Stir in the yolks, then the whites, slowly. Flavor with vanilla.

Need Much Heat.

In cooking meat and game it is well to remember that the most intense heat is required in the oven. Next to meat comes pastry, when the oven should be as hot as can be for the first ten minutes, then cool the fire so as to reduce the heat.

Quick Biscuit.

One pint of flour, one heaping tablespoon of shortening, one saltspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of milk, beat well and bake in a hot oven.

World's Highest Mountains.

Since the discovery of Mount McKinley in Alaska, North America has ranked third among the continents in the matter of height of mountains. Asia has Mount Everest of the Himalayas, 29,002 feet above sea level, and South America has Mount Aconcagua of the Andean system, 23,080 feet in height. North America comes next with Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet, and Africa is fourth, with Kibo peak, 19,320 feet in height. Mont Blanc, Europe's highest mountain, is 15,782 feet in height.

Gathered Smiles

WRONG SURMISE.

"Miss Peacher, may I ask you a very important question?" "Why—er—certainly, Mr. Dubkins," answered the young lady, trying hard to conceal her agitation.

"Does your father look with favor on me?"

"Yes, father likes you very much and if you should ask him anything in regard to me, I am sure—"

"I am glad to hear that I have won his esteem, because I have been lately taking a flyer in Wall street and I want his advice as to whether or not now is a good time to sell P. D. & O. stock."

Difficulty.

"It does seem as if you and I ought to get along together without quarreling all the time," sighed Mrs. Jawback.

"It does," growled Mr. Jawback, "but it seems we can't. We're fighting like cats and dogs from morning to night."

"Cats and dogs? Look at that cat and that dog of ours—they never fight. They live under the same roof peacefully."

"Yes, they do. But tie 'em together so they can't get loose and see how they'll act!"

His Qualifications.

"So you want me to support Wombat for the senate?" said the practical politician.

"We do," chorused the delegation of citizens.

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that he is the ablest man for the place."

"Um! Now what other qualifications has he?"

Open Confession.

"You admit, then," inquired the magistrate, severely, "that you stole the pig?"

"I has to, boss," said the prisoner.

"Very well," returned the magistrate, with decision, "there has been a lot of pig stealing going on around here lately and I am going to make an example of you or none of us will be safe."—Ladies' Home Journal.

OF COURSE.



"Why does a woman always add a postscript to a letter?"

"Because she likes to have the last word."

The Altruist.

Let others keep on tapping tills, He doth not care to Alleviate the host of ills That flesh is heir to.

A Gourmet.

"I'm afraid Dubkins lacks the true aesthetic temperament."

"Why so?"

"The only conception he has of an Italian garden is a place where people eat spaghetti and drink Chianti."

Keeping Before the Public.

"I suppose it keeps you very busy supervising the work of your publication and composing its leading articles?"

"I don't have time for anything like that," answered the statesman who had founded a magazine. "I'm helping the advertising department, and it takes all my time delivering lectures and running for office."

Expert.

"I never have any trouble with my gowns."

"How is that?"

"You see, my husband belongs to the fire department."

"Well?"

"And he can hook me up in 45 seconds."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Cure.

"Do you believe appendicitis can be cured without an operation?"

"My case was."

"How'd you do it?"

"A friend who had suffered told me what his operation cost him, and as soon as he had finished all my symptoms had departed."

PRECAUTION.



Bank President—Better fire our receiving teller!

Cashier—Why?

Bank President—They're calling him "Honest Tom" at the club.

Stock Themes.

We talk of heat in summer say, In winter talk of cold; And thus one-half that people say Is very briefly told.

Mere Mediocrity.

"I used to think I possessed the artistic temperament—the sacred fire; but I was mistaken. I'm just one among the millions of common people."

"You have no right to say that! You have done some splendid things—things that you could not possibly have done if you had merely been one among the millions of common people."

"No, you're mistaken. I'm just an ordinary, everyday man. Why, my wife has lived with me for 11 years without ever once thinking of getting a divorce!"—Judge's Library.

Money Saving Secret.

"Well, after a lot of experience in speculating I have at last learned how to keep on the right side of the stock market."

"Would you mind posting me, old chap?"

"Not at all. The right side of the stock market, my dear fellow, is the outside."

Maw Knows a Few Things.

Willie—Paw, what does the minimum wage mean?

Paw—It means the smallest amount you can pay for a certain amount of work, my son.

Maw—It really means what a married woman receives from her husband. Now you go to bed, Willie.

Obligation Both Ways.

"Some of those pictures are genuine old masters," said Mr. Cumrox.

"Of course, you are very proud to have them."

"Yes, and I have no doubt the old masters would have considerable respect for me if they knew what I paid for them."

Proved.

"Women do not especially admire handsome men."

"That is true," replied Miss Cayenne. "As I sat on the piazza I saw a number of good-looking, well-dressed youths cut out by a man whom automobile goggles rendered entirely unprepossessing."

Acquitted.

Waiter—Have you tried our turtle soup, sir?

Diner—Yes, I have tried it, and my decision is that the turtle proved an abili.

A FRUITFUL SUBJECT.



"Here is a doctor who says that there are plenty of people walking the streets who ought to be in the asylum."

"Of course, another veiled attack on congress."

BONI IN LIMELIGHT AGAIN

Memories of Ill-Starred Marriage of Anna Gould and Comte De Castellane Revived by Libel Suit.

Naples.—Memories of the ill-starred marriage of Anna Gould, now the duchess de Talleyrand, and Comte Boni de Castellane were sensationally revived here recently by a libel action brought by a Count Aguiloso against the Abbe Tedeschi, at one time the confidential adviser of the deposed queen of Naples, a Bavarian princess, who now lives in Paris.

The quarrel between the count and the cleric hinges on their association some years ago in an attempt to establish a powerful newspaper which the abbe had persuaded the ex-queen of Naples to start in the Bourbon interest. It was proposed to make Naples the headquarters of this Bourbon organ, which was to have been backed by a lavish outlay of money, part of which was to have been supplied by the ex-queen and the balance by

Comte Boni de Castellane, who at that time was mainly occupied in spending the wealth which his marriage with Anna Gould had put at his disposition.

The Abbe Tedeschi, the moving spirit of the scheme, obtained Boni de Castellane's promise that he would finance the establishment of the newspaper jointly with the ex-queen, and then he made arrangements for Count Aguiloso to take charge of the whole proposition. The count took the matter in hand and set to work with energy. He spent large sums of money on the preliminaries, rented a magnificent building in which to house the paper, engaged the staff, organized the correspondents and installed the printing plant. In fact, he brought matters to the point where nothing remained but to set the machinery to work and bring out the first issue of the paper.

It was at this stage that it became necessary to call on Boni de Castellane for the first installment of the money he had promised to put up, and Boni being then in Paris the abbe